

MASONIC CASKET.

BY EBENEZER CHASE.

And now abideth FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, these three; but the greatest of these is CHARITY." ST. PAUL.

[No. VIII.] ENFIELD, N. H. JULY, A. L. 5825. VOL. II.

FROM THE MASONIC REGISTER.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered on the 25th June, A. L. 5821, before Pickaway Lodge, No. 23, at Circleville, Ohio; it being the Festival of St. John the Baptist. By Brother CALEB ATWATER, a member of said lodge.

Worshipful Master,

Wardens, and Brethren,

On a day, dedicated to the recollection of departed worth, I rise to address you. I shall not undertake to prove to you the purity of our principles, their importance, and usefulness in the world, because, on this subject, I am aware that nothing is needed in aid of your own solemn convictions. Neither shall I undertake to answer objections made to our order, by ignorance, bigotry, envy, and malice. The candid inquirer after truth, will find more information concerning freemasonry, than I have now time to furnish, in the writings of Preston, Harris, Webb, and Cross. To these authors, and to the book of constitutions, I must refer those, who, without initiation into our sublime mysteries, wish to become acquainted with the principles of freemasonry. Nor shall I undertake to furnish you with a history of an order, which has existed through all ages of the world, and in every country where the arts and sciences have been pursued. Addressing myself to persons, standing in the centre of an

ancient, open temple,* erected by a people evidently acquainted with astronomy, trigonometry, and many of the arts and sciences, need I attempt to prove to you the great antiquity of freemasonry? The circles and squares, triangles, and other mathematical figures, so often found among the works of that people, who raised, in the early ages of mankind, the open lodge, whose walls now surround us, demonstrate that their authors were acquainted with the "royal art." Works like these are uniformly situated either on the highest hills, or in the lowest vales. Where we find square lodges, are they not situated due east and west? Behold this circular, and that square work! Here at the centre once stood a funeral pyre; is it not now represented on our carpets by the blazing star? This funeral pyre, used also as an altar, had a semicircular, Mosaic pavement on the east side of it, the remains of which are still visible. See, also, in the walls, which surround us, the two

* See Archæologia Americana, article Circleville, where the antiquities of the place are described.

The court house, where this address was delivered, is at the centre of a round work. Adjoining this round work, on the eastern side, is a square work. It is impossible to convey an idea of these works without a plate, which is in the book above referred to.

parallel lines, on the vertex of which, rests the square work, in the east! Have we not perverted the ancient simplicity of the craft, in our traditions, in some cases, referring to things comparatively recent, instead of travelling back to the earliest ages of mankind, when our brethren worshipped in open lodges? Assembled, then, at the centre of an ancient lodge, erected by our ancient brethren, in the earliest ages of the world, whose only covering was the cloudy canopy, or starry heavens, are you surprised that freemasonry dates its origin from a high antiquity?

With such proofs of the antiquity of our order, constantly before our eyes, for additional ones, need we travel to Egypt, to Tyre, to Jerusalem? Are our proofs less ancient than theirs, or less conclusive? The very reverse is the real fact. Our proofs, how simple, yet how sublime! Through what a long lapse of time have they withstood his dilapidating hand! How venerable appear they, in their decay! How afflicting the idea, that they will soon disappear before us, so that not even a trace shall tell where they once were! The working tools of the craft are often found in them; several of which I have seen, and can entertain no doubt as to their authors, nor of the uses to which they were put. All I can do, is to call your attention to a subject, which has occupied my mind for some time past, assuring the FRATERNITY, that, should they demand it, a memoir on this subject, will, in due time, be laid before them.

My Brethren—this day is dedicated to departed, worthy Masons. In every age, in every country, mankind have observed stated anniversaries. Before a knowledge of letters became general among men, this custom was necessary,

in order to preserve the recollection of important events in the history of nations. But, though the knowledge of letters, through the invention of the art of printing, is widely diffused, yet from the very constitution of the human mind, the observance of stated anniversaries is almost as necessary now, as it was formerly. Need we not be reminded of duties to be performed, of principles to be regarded, of vices to be shunned! This festival is kept by us, in honour of a great patron of freemasonry, St. John, the Baptist. He was the immediate forerunner of Jesus Christ. Though "he was not the true light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, yet he came to bear witness of that light;" to point out to his countrymen, Jesus, as the Saviour of the world, and as a herald to proclaim his near approach. A great prophet, he foretold the coming of the Messiah, a great reformer of mankind; he called on them to repent and be baptized.

Austere and exemplary, his food was locusts and wild honey; his bed was the earth, his covering the cloudy canopy of heaven, his drink the limpid rill, his clothing sackcloth, his usual abode amidst the shady bowers of Aënon's hill, his company the thousands, who followed him to hear his eloquent discourses; nightly, his meditations were on heaven and heavenly things; daily, his discourses pointed out to man his duty to himself, his neighbour, and his God. His zeal, his temperance, his truth, his justice, his courage, his fortitude, his fidelity, his love to God, and man, deserve our reverence, our admiration, gratitude, and esteem. Undaunted by the terrors with which he was surrounded; unawed by the difficulties with which he was compelled to encounter; unappalled by the dan-

ers, which threatened his ruin, he moved on his course, dispensing light to the spiritually blind, life to those, who were dead in sin.

If the vassals of despots celebrate the birth-day of a tyrant's babe, surely we ought not to be condemned for setting apart a day in honour of so good a man, so great a prophet, so successful a preacher of repentance, so great a mason, a saint so eminent. Virtues so scarce, so exemplary, so honourable to himself, so useful to mankind, so acceptable to God, are worthy of being forever remembered. He forgot his own ease, amidst his indefatigable labours; he sighed not for comforts amidst the multitudes, who followed his footsteps, and listened to his eloquence.

Thrown into a dungeon by a brutal tyrant, he neither forgot his duty, nor feared to perform it; he reproved Herod for his incestuous life; a life so contrary to the principles of freemasonry: a courtesan demanded his head in a charger, as a reward for her dancing, and a tyrant granted the demand. Thus fell our great patron, in consequence of the faithful performance of his duty; his soul ascended to God, his fame fills the world. What an example of courage, of constancy, of zeal, of fidelity, of fortitude in the performance of our duty, has he left to us! Like his, our path may be rough, our fare hard, our perils many, our labours severe; a cruel and capricious tyrant may take away our lives, but zeal, courage, fidelity, fortitude, and perseverance in the performance of our duty, will bring fame here, and everlasting felicity hereafter. Though we need not anticipate trials as numerous and severe as were those of our great patron, yet the same virtues, to a certain extent, are as necessary for us, as they were for

him. Destitute of those virtues, what is man? If in the full possession and constant exercise of them, man is but a little lower than the angels above; without them, he is far beneath the reptile below. Let us then, my brethren, practise those virtues, as we are commanded, *with frequency, fervency, and zeal*, so shall our lives be useful on earth, and acceptable in heaven. In the path of duty let us walk on, regardless of opposition from ungodly men; fearing nothing, but disobedience to the commands of our Grand Master above. Such is the important lesson taught us by the example of John the Baptist. In the school of virtue may we commit it to memory, and often repeat it by the way, as we are travelling home to the Grand Lodge above.

But although this day is dedicated, to the recollection of the worthy Baptist, it is not improper to recollect other brethren, who, like him, have deserved well of the craft, received honour from men, and been highly blessed by heaven. Our own beloved country has produced brethren, whose memory we are bound to honour, whose virtues we ought to imitate. To mention them all, would occupy too much time, and will not be attempted.

But who was it, that, quitting the peaceful shades of Vernon's hill; all the pleasures, which wealth could purchase, friendship offer, or domestic felicity afford—placing himself at the head of our armies, at the unanimous call of his countrymen, and contended many a year for our liberties and independence, until victory crowned his efforts with success?

It was WASHINGTON, who was a freemason, and delighted to meet his brethren upon the level, and to part with them upon the square. So

may we always meet and part, my brethren.

Who was it, that, quitting the pursuits of private life, an useful, honourable, and lucrative profession, assumed the sword, and fell in defence of our liberties on Bunker's hill? It was WARREN, who was our brother, and at the head of our order in his native state, when he fell.

Who was it, that, by his discoveries in electricity, gained a high place, as a philosopher, in fame's temple? Who, by his indefatigable exertions, raised himself from the humblest walks of life to the highest eminence as a statesman? Who, from poverty, became rich, by his industry, economy, and prudence? Whose writings are read in every part of the civilized world? Who was it, in fine, that "snatched the lightnings from heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants? It was FRANKLIN, who was at the head of freemasonry in Pennsylvania.

Washington, Warren, and Franklin were freemasons, whose virtuous labours in public and private life, in the field, and in the cabinet, deserve our esteem, our admiration, and our gratitude. Compared with these brethren, how sink the monarchs of Europe? Though they despised the gewgaws of princes, they gloried in wearing our jewels. The simplicity and sublimity of such characters are only estimated by the craft, and will be honoured and revered by mankind, as long as patriotism, courage, constancy, fidelity, perseverance, and all the amiable and heroic virtues, find eulogists and admirers.

We need not the illustrious examples of other ages, and distant countries, to excite us to the performance of every duty, to the practice of every virtue, while Washington, Warren, and Frank-

lin are remembered. FREEMASONRY, they were thine! COLUMBIA, they were thy shield, thy boast, and thy glory.

To nations, tossed on the tempestuous sea of liberty, they stand as BEACONS, to light the marine over quicksands, and through whirlpools, to a safe anchorage and a secure harbour. Assuming the principles of our order, which teach us, *that all men are born upon a level, and ought to walk upon the square*, they built up here a government, whose sole object is the promotion of the peace, the order, and the happiness of the whole community. How simple in theory, how sublime in practice, is such a government, when compared with the governments of Europe? There, government is founded on the principle that the many are made to be governed by the few; here, rulers are the mere agents of the people; and at short stated periods, they are entirely *divested* even of this agency, and so remain, unless *reinvested* with authority by the people from whom it emanated.

Such is the government founded by the patriots of the revolution. How glorious are its principles! how illustrious its founders; how happy are those, who live under it, provided they faithfully administer it!

Freemasonry! thy sages, thy philosophers, thy warriors, and thy statesmen of our country, who have fought and toiled, and bled, and died in our defence, are this day remembered with gratitude by thy sons, wherever they are assembled. History has raised a monument to their fame more durable than marble, which shall stand firm, and its inscription continue undefaced, while the world shall stand. Patriots of every country, read the inscription upon this pillar, dedicated to patriotism.

and to virtue. Tell us not of European heroes, for they are covered with the blood of their fellow-citizens. Tell us not of modern statesmen, for they mounted aloft upon ambition's ladder, the principal rounds of which, are flattery, falsehood, and intrigue. Their object is self-aggrandizement, and they have attained it. But the patriots of the revolution, guided by the eternal principles of justice, truth, and patriotism, sought to exalt their country, and they succeeded in the attempt. How sickening to the eye of every genuine patriot, are the courtiers of this *silken age*, compared with those, who, in an *iron age*, endured every privation, passed through all manner of perils, toiled, and bled, and died, for their country! How sink the potent patriots of these days, when compared with those, who, during our struggle for independence, might have been tracked by the blood, which at every step distilled in crimson currents from their weary feet! Their clothes, consisting of "shreds and patches" of every colour, barefoot and hungry, they redeemed us from slavery. A peculiar fatality seems to have attended them, from first to last. While in service, they asked for pay, and continental rags were given them. Of late years, an act was passed for their relief, and soon afterwards another was enacted, in order to defraud them out of it. With soldiers thus treated, our brethren, Washington, Warren, Clinton, Gates, Lee, Scammel, La Fayette, and others, conquered the best appointed armies Britain ever sent into the field. Patriots of every age and country shall repeat the story to their children, while every freemason shall rejoice, that the principal actors in those days of peril were our brethren. Let us hon-

our their memories, by preserving the government, which they founded, as it came from their hands. Let us resist, by all constitutional means, every attempt to abridge our rights, by the insidious doctrines of implication and necessity. These doctrines belong to tyrants, and ought not to be transplanted into our soil. As *freemasons*, we cannot meddle with political affairs, but as *CITIZENS*, it is our duty to do so, whenever our vote, or our exertions can be of any service to our country. Let us, then, honour the memory of our departed brethren, who, under Heaven, made us a nation, by an adherence to their principles; by practising those virtues, moral and social, public and private; the possession of which rendered them so good, so amiable, so great, and illustrious. Thus shall we become blessings to ourselves, our families, our friends, and our country; be an honour to freemasonry and to human nature. Though, from a variety of causes, we cannot equal Warren, Franklin, Washington, and Clinton, in extensive usefulness to our own country, and the world at large, yet, by practising the same virtues, we may be useful, honoured, and happy. We can promote the welfare of our country, by electing into office virtuous, enlightened, and patriotic men; by holding up to scorn, the ignoramus, who aspires to honours, which he does not merit; by putting down the demagogue in the dust; by frowning on the hypocrite in religion or politics; by assisting the worthy brother, who is poor; by aiding the widow, and the orphan, when they stand in need of assistance; by soothing the afflicted; by succouring the tempted; by pouring the balm of consolation into the bosom of the broken hearted. These acts we can perform, without arrogance;

pride, or haughtiness on our part; with tenderness and delicacy, "in secret, and He, who seeth in secret, shall reward us openly." When a brother is in danger from any quarter, we can, many times, give him timely notice of it. When he is surrounded by difficulties, we can, frequently, aid him by our prudent counsels and advice. When malice invents falsehoods concerning him, we can contradict them, and put to shame and silence the base slanderer.

Though it fall not to our lot to possess the great mental abilities of Washington and Franklin; tho' circumstances may be such, that we can never have it in our power to cultivate our minds to the extent they did, yet, by a careful culture of our hearts, we may raise a character for virtue and goodness, which shall eclipse the most splendid abilities, when unaccompanied by virtue; and, in the circle in which we move, however small its circumference may be, produce a richer harvest of usefulness to mankind. "The memory of the just is blessed," but this happiness does not always fall to the lot of splendid abilities. How many are condemned to everlasting fame, like Arnold, without possessing virtue enough to endear them to a single individual! Let him, then, who wishes for the friendship of his fellow citizens, practice those virtues, which shall command their esteem. The practice of virtue brings its own reward along with it. He, who governs not himself, is unfit to govern others. Think you, my brethren, that Franklin and Washington would have occupied the high stations which they filled, with so much honour to themselves, so much usefulness to mankind, had they not learned to subdue their passions? They practised this first lesson, taught by

masonry, with singular facility. Temperance, prudence, industry and economy, lead to long life, to health, to wealth. He, who trains up his children in the way they should go, will generally, have the satisfaction of seeing them, when arrived at maturity, still walking in those ways. He, who regards truth, shall be confided in, trusted, and believed. He, who is just to others, shall himself be treated with justice. The company of the just, the amiable, and the good man, shall be sought after by the just, the amiable, and the good. Contentment shall dwell in his breast, light up his countenance with smiles, render his life happy; his death shall be lamented by others, and peaceful to himself.

What a vast difference between such an one, and a vicious man! The very countenance of the latter is stamped with base and disgusting passions. No peace, no mildness, no serenity dwell there, but hatred, avarice, envy, and malice. Nor is the practice of virtue inconsistent, as some vicious men would insinuate, with the possession of the greatest talents, natural and acquired. The greatest and best men, who ever lived, constantly practised the humblest, as well as the most exalted virtues. On this very account, Washington, Warren, Franklin, Clinton, Greene, and a long list of brethren, who are now no more, command our esteem, as well as our respect. We esteem them for their virtues, we admire them for their talents. As far as is in our power, let us imitate the examples they have left behind them.

My brethren, that HOLY BOOK, which always lies open in our lodge, informs us, that "there is another and a better world" beyond the grave, and another lodge eternal in the Heavens, to which

no one can ever be admitted, who attempts to carry into it any weapon, offensive or defensive. Those weapons are vices, and vicious propensities, of which we must be divested before we can be invested with the true lambskin, as a badge of our innocence. The "theological ladder," which Jacob saw in his vision, is the only means, by which we can ascend to Heaven, the three principal rounds of which are faith, hope, and charity. Mounting aloft upon these rounds, may we all ascend, and by the benefit of a password, which is a Saviour's righteousness, be admitted by the grand tyler, death, into the inner temple above, and at the proper season, after our work is over, be permitted, by the Grand Senior Warden of the Celestial Lodge, to refresh our weary souls for ever. So mote it be. Amen.

COMPANION BRACKENRIDGE'S

ORATION.

The following excellent oration was pronounced before the companions of Webb royal arch chapter, and the brethren of Land Mark lodge, Versailles, Kentucky, on the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, in December, 1821, by companion J. R. BRACKENRIDGE, of Lexington Royal Arch Chapter. An unanimous vote of thanks to the author was passed, and a copy for publication respectfully solicited.

Brethren, and Fellow Citizens,

There exists in the human mind a sentiment of elevated and instinctive admiration for the more stern and lofty virtues of our nature. Thus, when we contem-

plate the ardent patriotism of Epaminondas, breathing, as it were, along the line of his embattled countrymen; or the brave Leonidas, erecting his stately form in defiance of the storm of war; or the venerated Regulus, the destinies of contending empires resting on his nod, returning amid the agonised entreaties of his afflicted countrymen to Carthage, to death; our minds are filled with high emotion, and we catch with enthusiastic avidity, the inspiration of their virtues. There is something in the splendour of vast achievements that dazzles and bewitches; there is something in the pomp of successful ambition, which pours a tide of delusive joy over the human heart. Yet when we calmly investigate the deeds, which attach such apparent dignity to the hero's death, or shed such a lustre around the patriot's career, shall we not often find them cruel, bloody, and unchristian? Alas! what is the hero's fame but the wreck of human existence? Or, on what so frequently as the ruins of other nations, does the patriot erect the proud fabric of his own? Far different are the achievements, which we are this day met to celebrate. The path of virtue is that of obscurity, and quietness, and peace. The light, which shines along its rugged steep, unlike the meteor glories of the world, which dazzle to mislead us, and shine the brightest on the eve of their extinction, is steady and eternal. It enters the soul, and expands and elevates it to a region where the voice of human vanity is mute, and human splendours are but darkness.

This is the natal day of St. John the Evangelist. We are met to commemorate the birth and usefulness of one of the greatest benefactors of our species; one of the chosen messengers of heaven; the

tenderest friend of the Saviour; the favourite disciple of our Lord. What more shall we say of him? Follow him through all the vicissitudes of his fortune; mark the depth of his self devotion; the simplicity and dignity of his character; the sublimity of his conceptions; follow him through the splendours of his apocalyptic vision; then view him reposing on the bosom of his Master, and receiving at the cross the tenderest legacy the heart has to bequeath, and at every incident of his long life does not the heart leap with a prouder throb when we hail him as a brother and patron of our order? What has been said of this great cotemporary may, with equal truth, be said of St. John. His powerful and diversified character seems to have combined the separate excellencies of all the other sacred writers:—the loftiness of Isaiah; the devotion of David; the pathos of Jeremiah; the vehemence of Ezekiel; the didactic gravity of Moses; the elevated morality and practical sense of St. James; the noble energies and burning zeal of St. Peter, added to the strong argumentative powers, depth of thought, and intensity of feeling, which so peculiarly distinguished the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Never was there a man more eminently fitted to combat the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and to fill the glorious destiny which awaited him.

He, who delineates the character of our existing and splendid institution, is placed in the same situation with him, who writes the biography of a living individual. Distinctive qualities cannot, indeed, be invented, nor the current of actions diverted from its channel; but every virtue may be made to shine with a lustre not its own; every excellence may be

magnified; every imperfection veiled, and the little importending rill, which wandered in silence through the mead, may become, if we accept the enthusiastic testimony of the admirer who traced its course, a majestic river, on whose broad bosom the wealth of nations floats. If, on the contrary, we view the picture as drawn by an enemy, we scarce recognize in the gloomy colouring and distorted countenance, the least resemblance to those features, which affection has engraven on our hearts. Prejudice has discoloured, or passion extinguished the spring-blossom of their beauty; and though a faint likeness may be perceived, all the loveliness, which endeared them to us, is gone. It is one of the merciful effects of decay, that it scatters a benevolence of recollection around the objects, which are subjected to its remorseless influence. It not only melts down prejudices, and extinguishes animosities, but it gives to affection itself a deeper tone of tenderness. It sheds a moon-light glory over its dominions, pale and pure, more serene and lovely than the flood of splendour poured from the meridian sun of life. That which is illuminated appears softer than when viewed in a stronger ray, while whatever was obscure or unsightly, sinks into masses of shadow, which the eye cannot penetrate, and which, while they conceal the deformity, give a character, a deeper solemnity to the whole scenery, and afford a pleasing contrast to the mild light, which sleeps upon it. Such are the more obvious difficulties, which present themselves in the investigation of the subject before us. We profess not to be entirely free from their influence.

The science of masonry consists of three departments, each in its

nature distinct from the rest, yet all most intimately and beautifully connected. These departments are its symbols, its mysteries, and its principles. This is a distinction which, though not always made by masons themselves, is not only intelligible, but absolutely necessary to the correct understanding the scope and design of the institution. Before the invention of letters, the knowledge of important events was preserved from generation to generation by oral tradition. But the manifest danger that facts might be distorted, and concomitant circumstances embellished by the fancy or prejudices of those through whom they were transmitted, pointed out the necessity of some more precise and restricted method for their communication. Hence the use among all rude nations of symbolical figures. In the first dawns of civilization, those representations were usually taken from the simplest and most common objects with which savages are conversant. As nations advanced in improvement, we find more obvious principles of science, and the implements for their practical use made subservient to the design of perpetuating the knowledge they possessed. Thus astronomy, agriculture, and architecture, have afforded materials for the most copious symbolic languages. From this latter are mostly drawn the hieroglyphics of masonry, which constitute the most perfect system of the kind, of which any knowledge has been preserved. Their design is two-fold; through them has been transmitted to us the most important occurrences in the history of our order; and they afford besides the most beautiful illustrations of the precepts it inculcates, and the duties it enforces. Whence may be seen their intimate connection in one of their na-

ses with the mysteries, and the other with the principles of the institution. The former can be known to masons only; the latter is ably explained in most of the numerous publications, which have treated of the subject. Of the mysteries of masonry it is necessary to say but little. Their design must be known to all. They are the cord, which binds us indissolubly to each other. It is by them that every mason must vindicate to himself the rights and privileges of the order, and the peculiar immunities of each particular degree, which he may claim to possess. It is by their agency that we have been preserved, as we believe, from the foundation of the world, but as can be clearly proven, from the days of Solomon, a distinct and peculiar class. They constitute a science the most varied and beautiful, each degree complete in itself, yet the union of all forming a most symmetric whole. They resemble the union of every colour in a ray of light. When we reflect on their importance to the craft; on the millions of human beings of every generation, who have been members of the order, and on the strong communicative propensity of the species, we may be surprised that greater interest and anxiety are not evinced by the craft generally, when the strong probability of their revelation is urged. This apparent apathy arises from the conviction that such suggestions are vain and false. The disclosure of the minutest mysteries of the order, would exhibit a degree of desperate and short-sighted villany, but rarely to be found in the history of mankind. There is also another consideration, which tends to produce the same effect. Mysteriously as our secrets have been preserved, and important as it certainly is, that

the knowledge of them should be confined to the members of the institution; its gradations of distinction and skill would render the disclosure of them much less ruinous than is generally imagined. He, who is possessed of the mysteries of one, or even of several degrees of masonry, is no more a mason than an acquaintance with a few of the simplest mathematical axioms, confers a knowledge of the stupendous operations of that boundless science, or than the smattering of a few sentences of unintelligible jargon, can give a just perception of the rich and exhaustless beauties, which the stores of classical literature unfold.

There are few inquiries more interesting in their nature than those, which tend to inform us of the character and design of those institutions, which have occupied much of the consideration of mankind, or which could exert much influence over their happiness. Nor can we, in any way more readily effect the object of our research, than by an examination of the principles by which their actions have been directed. For though the consequences of our actions may be frequently unknown to us, and are generally beyond our controul, a scrutiny of the causes, which have operated to produce them, and of the rules by which they have been directed, will supply us with some idea of their general result. Fortunately, in the present instance, the object of our attention is not of difficult obtainment. The principles of masonry are as widely diffused as the extent of creation. They are drawn from the operations of nature, and the injunctions of nature's God. Formed at first by that reason, which so peculiarly distinguishes man above all other creatures, and perfected by the

successive revelations, which the Almighty has been pleased to make us of his will, they constitute a system of the purest and most perfect morality. The hallowed volume of inspiration is the depository of our faith, our principles, and our hopes. By its light we hope to be directed through the gloomiest dispensations of life; to be cheered by its influence in "the dark valley of the shadow of death," and covered with it, as with a mantle at the judgment bar of God!

The effects of such an institution upon society at large, and upon the individual happiness of men, cannot avoid being permanent and useful. That, which exists only by system and order, cannot encourage confusion and insubordination, unless by the vilest species of moral suicide. That, which seizes hold on the strongest and tenderest sympathies of the human heart, and wields them through a succession of years and of honours by the most powerful impulses which are known to our nature, must, by the plainest law of our intellectual constitution, strengthen our virtuous affections, and vastly increase the desire and facilities of knowledge. If this be to dupe and to degrade mankind, then were our revilers right to spurn and despise us. But if we direct you to all the lessons of the past, and show you that government itself has derived its firmest support from those virtues, which we most especially inculcate; if we point you to the smiles of the helpless; the benedictions of the widow, and the rich tribute of the orphan's tears cheering us on our way, then may we condemn the ignorance, which derides us, and look forward with confidence to the track of glory, which will illuminate our course, when the childish virulence of Robinson, and

the learned malice of Baruel shall be buried amid the rubbish of a barbarous antiquity.

Masonry, the depository of virtue, of arts, philosophy, and freedom, enlightened our continent in the days of its barbarity, and now sheds its benign influence around the rising glories of another. Every part of created nature is the subject of its contemplation and its influence. From the minutest ingredient of an atom, up through all the gradations of beauty and of being, to the spangled myriad of glories which surround and light us, it traces and reveals the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator. Its principles, commensurate as we say, with the existence of man, have survived the shock of time, and the decay of empires. Nations have arisen, and have triumphed, and have passed away, leaving scarce a fragment on which the eye of philanthropy might repose, or whence history could trace the story of their fame. The land of Maro, and Tacitus, and Tully, exists only in the decayless empire of the mind. Their descendants, standing amid the monuments of their country's freedom, and the decaying tombs of those at whose frown the nations trembled, in unblushing corruption hug their gilded chains, and smile over their infamy! The canvass glowed beneath the pencil of Apollos, and the marble breathed under the chisel of Phidias; Athens was mute at the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the waves of his rocky Chios were still at the sound of Homer's harp. Yet the land of Aristotle is now the abode of ignorance, and the descendants of those who fell at Marathon and Salamis live—and are slaves! The shade of Hercules no longer dwells on the top of Mount Ceta. The heights of Olympus, the banks of the Peneus, and the vale of Tem-

pe no longer resound to the Muses' song, or Apollo's lyre. The glory of Achilles has departed from Larissa; Thebes has forgotten the martial summons of Cadmus. Mycenæ no longer dwells on the fame of Agamemnon, and Philippi could not learn from Brutus to be free! The altars of Ida, and Delos, and Parnassus, are crumbled into dust; Plataea has forgotten the triumphs of Pausonias, and the sea of Marmora that the wreck of an invader once rotted on its waves! Thus has it been not only with man, but with all those subjects, which would seem from their nature, less liable to change or decay. Learning, arts, and accomplishments, have changed with successive generations, or perished beneath the weight of remorseless barbarism. Not so with masonry. Race has followed race, as wave chases wave upon the bosom of the deep until it dashes against the shore, and is seen no more. Thus our order has withstood the concussions of a thousand generations. The billows of every sea have lashed its sides, and the storms of every age have poured their fury around its head. Perfect at its creation, sublime amid all the changes which have convulsed the world, its adamant column will stand unshaken throughout all the revolutions of the ages which are to come; or, if it should fall, crushed beneath the weight of its own incumbent magnificence, it will carry with it in its ruin, half the happiness, and half the wisdom of mankind. When the eternal shall wipe from existence the little planet we inhabit—when he shall gather in his grasp the splendid retinue of worlds, which constitute his train, and call into judgment all the souls, which have peopled them, then will the principles we profess survive the general desolation, and be consumma-

ted in the glories of measureless eternity!

Such is a brief outline of our institution, which, from its remote antiquity—its unknown origin—its mysterious preservation, and its vast extent, forms the most remarkable phenomenon in the history of mankind. As far back as the human vision can penetrate, we behold her moving in quiet majesty along the stream of time, apparently unconcerned in the events which were transpiring, but really exerting an influence over the concerns of men—mute, indeed, but extensive as the countries over which her votaries were dispersed.

The sketch which we have given is but a distant external view of the temple of our order. A superficial view of the Cartoons of Raphael will not bring the observer acquainted with the style of that great master. Much time must be devoted to each to feel its individual force and grandeur of outline and expression; for although they are all the productions of the same matchless pencil, and have all therefore a correspondent style, they cannot be judged of, one by the other; but must be diligently studied apart. Thus it is with this stupendous fabric. Every attitude in which it can be viewed is striking and magnificent; but every change of situation produces a correspondent change of appearance.—To those who are not masons we would say—study well its graceful proportions, its imposing aspect, its rich and gorgeous decorations.—Every view will afford a lesson for future practice. Here the natural and dignified simplicity; the exquisite symmetry of Doric architecture, solicits your admiration; there you behold the richer Ionic drawn, as we are told, from the matchless proportions of Diana,

and made immortal by being used in her Ephesian temple. Moving on, you may contemplate the plain and solid strength of the Tuscan; the rude magnificence of the Gothic, and the light and graceful proportions, the delicate and rich decorations of the beautiful Corinthian.

Brethren and Companions,

To you we would say, enter the expanded portals of our consecrated dome. Contemplate with awe and admiration the splendours which surround you. Remember that you stand upon holy ground, and amid the labours of the best and wisest of mankind. The accumulated trophies of countless generations lie open before you. All that is lovely in nature; all that is beautiful in art; all that genius could create, or skill embody, solicits your admiration, and urges you to advance.—Pause not with heathen indifference at the vestibule, but prosecute your search through the glittering apartments, until you shall arrive at the Holy of Holies, and gaze undazzled upon its flood of glory. Each step you advance will afford you a richer theme for admiration; a stronger inducement to virtue, an undiscovered source of usefulness and knowledge! May your lives “become beautiful as the temple, peaceful as the ark, and sacred as its most holy place. May your oblations of piety and praise be grateful as the incense; your love warm as its flame, and your charity diffusive as its fragrance. May your hearts be pure as the altar, and your conduct acceptable as the offering.” “May the exercises of your charity be as constant as the returning wants of the distressed widow, and helpless orphan. May the approbation of Heaven be your encourage-

ment, and the testimony of a good conscience your support. May you be endowed with every good and perfect gift, while travelling the rugged path of life, and finally admitted within the veil of Heaven to the full enjoyment of life eternal!" So mote it be. Amen.

GRAND LODGE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

On Tuesday, the 7th June, the Grand Lodge of New-Hampshire held its annual meeting in Concord, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—
Grand Master, M. W. James F. Dana—*Deputy Grand Master*, R. W. Andrew Pierce—*District Deputy Grand Master*, R. W. Enoch Darling, Thomas Clapham, Alpheus Baker, Stephen Wilson, Matthew Perkins, Nathan G. Babbit, Ephraim Blanchard—*S. G. Warden*, R. W. Daniel P. Drown—*J. G. Warden*, R. W. Jonathan Aiken—*G. Treasurer*, R. W. Abel Hutchins—*G. Secretary*, R. W. Thomas Beede—*G. Chaplain*, R. W. John Lawton—*G. Marshal*, R. W. David Steele—*S. G. Deacon*, R. W. John D. Abbot—*J. G. Deacon*, R. W. Calvin Benton—*G. Pursuivant*, R. W. Ezra C. Hutchins—*G. Lecturers*, R. W. Jacob Carter, Stephen Blanchard, jr. John Bennet, Oliver Heaton, Oliver Hubbard—*G. Stewards*, R. W. Isaac Hill, Jeremiah Prichard, Robert Neal James Willis, David Farnsworth, John Rogers—*G. Master of Ceremonies*, R. W. Lyman B. Walker—*G. Sword Bearer*, R. W. John Willson—*G. Tyler*, R. W. John P. Miller.

On Wednesday, at 11 o'clock, A. M. the Grand Lodge proceeded in Masonic order, from their Lodge room to the Rev. Mr. Bouton's meeting house, where prayers were offered by the Rev. JOHN LAWTON, and an appropriate and

animated oration was pronounced by JAMES WILSON, jr. Esq. of Keene.

The Grand Royal Chapter of New-Hampshire met in Concord on the 9th June, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year—

M. E. Samuel Cushman, *G. H. P.*
 E. Artemas Rogers, *D. G. H. P.*
 Rev. & E. Thomas Beede, *G. K.*
 E. Frederick A. Sumner, *G. S.*
 Com. Albe Cady, *G. Treasurer.*
 Timothy Kenrick, *G. Sec.*
 Rev. Com. Edward Turner, *G. C.*
 Com. James Wilson, jr. *G. Ma'l.*
 Abel Hutchins, } *G. Stewards.*
 Jacob Silver, }
 Daniel B. Emerson, *G. Tyler.*

EXTRACTS FROM ANCIENT RECORDS. (Continued from page 111.)

The state of masonry from the consecration to the destruction of Solomon's Temple, and captivity of the Jews.

Solomon next employed the fraternity in carrying on his other works, viz.—His two palaces at Jerusalem, for himself and his queen.—The stately hall of Judicature, with his ivory throne and golden lions.—Millo, or the Royal Exchange, made by filling up the great gulf, between mount Moriah and mount Zion, with strong arches, upon which many beautiful piazzas were erected, with lofty colonading on each side, and between the columns a spacious walk from Zion castle to the Temple, where men of business met.—The house of the forest of Lebanon, built upon four rows of cedar pillars, his summer-house to retire from the heat of business, with a watch tower that looked to the road to Damascus. Several cities on the road between Jerusalem and Leb-

anon. Many store-houses west of the Jordan, and several store cities east of that river, well fortified: and last of all Cadmor.

All these, and many more costly edifices, were finished in the short space of thirteen years after the temple, by the care of 550 princes or masters of work.

Masonry flourished in Jerusalem after the consecration of the temple 416 years, after which came Nebuzaradam, captain of the guards to the king of Babylon, to Jerusalem, and took out all the sacred vessels, the two famous pillars, that were in the temple, and

razed the temple to the ground.

CONDITIONS.

1. The Casket is issued monthly, each number containing 16 octavo pages, and 12 numbers making a volume.

2. The price, if paid on the receipt of the first number, is 60 cts. a volume, or if not paid until the close of the volume, it is 70 cents.

3. Any person, who subscribes and pays for five sets, is allowed 20 per cent discount; and for ten sets the commission is 25 per cent. The Postage must be paid by the subscribers.

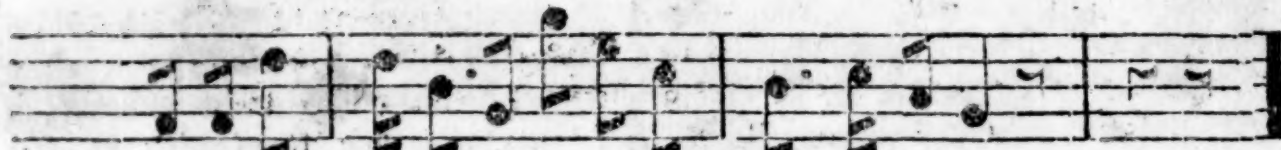
THE GENIUS OF MASONRY.



When Sol, with grave motion, had plung'd in the ocean,
And darkness hung



over the borders of day, A splendid reflection, with downward di-



rection, Stole softly the senses of mortals away:



My thoughts were suspended, as darkness descended,
With night's ample



canopy widely unfurl'd; The solar succession of mist in pro-



gression, Bid twilight in silence retire from the world.

While thus I was tranced, a person advanced,
 All sprightly and active with transporting glee;
 With rapture I trembled and thought he resembled
 Some angelic form more than man could e'er be.
 With ardour I view'd him, in fancy pursued him,
 His mien was majestic and noble his mind;
 His actions discreetly, fulfilling completely,
 The precepts of nature by wisdom enjoin'd.

His heart was in motion with zeal and devotion,
 His voice was an organ of music and mirth;
 Profuse as a fountain that flow'd from a mountain,
 His charities gladden'd the children of earth:
 In fancy I caught him, and home with me brought him,
 And sought with my heart-strings to bind him with
 care;
 Nor would I unloose him, for in his blest bosom,
 I saw the best image that human can wear.

I thought he said to me, "In vain you pursue me,
 For on the strong pinions of science I soar,
 But if you will hasten and be a freemason,
 I'll speak of the order a moment or more:
 No other legation since earth's first creation,
 Has e'er kept a secret in union so long;
 No other communion so firm as this union,
 No friendship with man that's so lasting and strong.

For kings may make quarrels for conquest and laurels,
 And churches, though Christian, may wrangle and jar,
 There's no such invasions allow'd among masons,
 Nor ruptures nor rumours of internal war:
 Through time's ancient measure, with freedom and
 pleasure,
 The sons of fair scienc have mov'd hand in hand;
 Through every commotion, by land or by ocean,
 In triumph have pass'd the harmonious band.

Old time may keep beating, his numbers completing,
 And wear out his wings in the region of years;
 But wisdom and beauty shall teach us our duty,
 Until the Grand Master in glory appears.

The world may keep gazing, their senses amazing,
And wreck their inventions to find out our plan;
With candour we meet them, and prove as we greet
them,

That masons respect every virtuous man.

Let envy degrade us, and scribblers invade us,
And all the black regions of malice combine;
Though demons and furies turn judges and juries,
With innocent lustre the order will shine.
Like rocks in the ocean, we fear not the motion
Of waves, which assail us in foaming career;
With truth and discretion, we still make progression,
And leave all the envy of fools in the rear.

While each in his station, with great admiration,
Beholds the fair temple of wisdom arise,
Let each faithful brother support one another,
Till the lodge universal shall meet in the skies;
With orient grandeur and dazzling splendour,
The wide arch of heaven reflecting the blaze,
Where sisters and brothers and millions of others,
Shall shine in the courts of the Ancient of Days.

The scene is before us, then join in the chorus,
Let worlds with all beings unite in the song;
To God the Creator and Author of nature,
And ages eternal the anthem prolong:
Thus armies terrestrial, and squadrons celestial,
Shall echo through heaven the music serene,
Yet will their high story fall short of his glory,
And silent expression must muse on the theme."

* * * * *

He closed this oration, with great admiration,
While ecstasy kindled his countenance high;
With due preparation, he soar'd from his station,
And buoyant from earth he ascended the sky;
In awe I beheld him, which clearly reveal'd him,
The genius of masonry full in my sight;
Through ether progressing, receiving earth's blessing,
Triumphant he enter'd the portals of light.